1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades, take it in what sence thou wilt.

2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere comes two of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.

1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.

2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.

1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.

2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile come after and frowne.

1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe.

2 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs?

1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?

2 No.

1 I bite my thumbe.

Enter Beneuolio.

1 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs?

2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

They draw, to them enters Tybalt, *they fight, to them the Prince, old* Mountague, *and his wife, old* Capulet *and his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

Prince: Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
On paine of torture, from those bloody handes
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.
Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,
By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your

Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:
For this time euery man depart in peace.
Come *Capulet* come you along with me,
And *Mountague*, come you this after noone,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old free Towne our common iudgement place,
Once more on paine of death each man depart.

Exeunt.

M: wife. Who set this auncient quarrel first abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

Benuo: Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,
And yours close fighting ere I did approch.

VVife: Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben: Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne
Peept through the golden window of the East,
A troubled thought drew me from companie:
Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamoure*,
That Westward rooteth from the Cities side,
So early walking might I see your sonne.
I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,
And drew into the thicket of the wood:
I noting his affections by mine owne,
That most are busied when th'are most alone,
Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

Moun: Black and portentious must this honor proue,
Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

Ben: Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

Enter Romeo.

Moun: I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

Ben: See where he is, but stand you both aside,
Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.